

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

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Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon. Office, second door above News Office, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

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J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Thrashing Machines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

For the Grand Haven News. GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

God speed the ploughshare! tell me not
Disgrace attends the toil
Of those who plough the dark green sod,
Or till the fruitful soil.

Why should the honest ploughman shrink
From mingling in the van
Of learning and of wisdom, since
Of learning and of wisdom, since
'Tis mind that makes the man?

God speed the ploughshare, and the hands
That till the fruitful earth;
For there is in this world so wide,
No gem like honest worth.
And though the hands are dark with toil,
And flushed the manly brow,
It matters not, for God will bless
The labors of the plough. ELLA VADLA.

Our Traveling Correspondence.

WARREN, Ct., July 11, 1861.

Messrs. BARNES:—My last communication was written from Lancaster, N. Y. Now I am rusticated amid the rough, rugged hills, pleasant dales and flowery meads of New England. Once more my feet tread my native soil, and the scenes of my childhood, dear to my heart, greet me on every side. The friends of my youth again grasp me warmly by the hand, and, in a few hours, I seem to live over again half a life time.

Speaking of railroading, no one, but a live Yankee, familiar from boyhood with stupendous rocks, lofty hills, and deep valleys, could ever have conceived the idea of constructing the Housatonic River Railroad, extending from Albany to Bridgeport. A trip over this road, to one only accustomed to the far-extending levels of Old Ottawa, is, to say the least, an exciting one. As the iron horse plunges onward, snorting, foaming and whizzing along steep declivities, through vast tunnels, and even down the sides of mountains, on what we should consider steep and dangerous grades, one almost instinctively closes his eyes, braces his feet and grasps his hair—if he has any, if not his wig—under the impression involuntarily rising in his mind that a plunge into some awful chasm to which he seems approaching with fearful speed is inevitable. Out irra moment he emerges from the threatening danger and scuds away over a beautiful plain, studded with neat farm houses, and overlooked on all sides by mountain peaks, lifting their heads far sky-ward, through some deep gorge of which the beautiful Housatonic rolls its blue, sparkling waters, and in due time "brings up" to some quiet, thrifty village, snugly nestled amid that inspiring beauty and vast grandeur with which the great Creator often astonishes and bewilders the finite mind of that filiputan creature, man.

On Monday last I passed the very spot where a little over forty years ago a little compound of bones, muscles, &c., for the first time

OPENED ITS EYES

Upon a world of light, life, beauty, vastness and vicissitude. You can imagine with what intense interest I viewed every loved spot that my infancy knew. But long years have left their impress there. The little cot, with its moss-covered roof, has at length yielded to time and has given place to a more stately mansion, and strange feet tread the garden walks and roam the fields. But the hills with their rocky bases, along which flows the purling rills, where often in boyhood I plucked the daisy, gathered the delicious whortleberry, and sought to hook the speckled trout, remain unchanged, and their ambrotype, as impressed on my mind in childhood, is a correct image of their present state. Yesterday I visited the

SCHOOL-HOUSE,

Where, twenty-five years ago, I studied the rudiments of those branches of education that I trust have since enabled me to be useful to others as well as to enjoy a well-spring of happiness in my own bosom. The finger of time, too, has been laid heavily on the structure that I once with my schoolmates sought with so much eagerness and pleasure, and it stands a lonely monument of ancient worth. Of its former inmates, some lie low in the grave, their lessons of life all learned, the books laid aside, and the school of time closed. Some are treading life's journey, the useful, the beloved

and honored; while others, forgetful of their high destiny, are no better than they should be, and constitute a portion of the smut and tares in the great wheat field of our world.

BURNING OF THE DEPOTS.

To digress a little. You have, doubtless, ere this, published an item relative to the burning of the depot of the Boston and Albany Railroad Company, at Albany. I stood upon the ruins a few days ago. The conflagration was a terrible one. The vast edifices, several in number, occupying some acres of ground, and larger in size than any other in the known world, with a large number of cars, a quantity of wheat and other freight, several canal boats, &c., became an easy prey to the devouring element. But in three days from the catastrophe, with true Yankee enterprise, the company had contracted for their re-construction, and phoenix-like they are rapidly rising from the dust skyward, and in a month's time it is expected they will again stand forth in all their former vastness and magnificence. OTTAWA.

The Blasted Tree.

"I mark'd the broad and blasted oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;
Follow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivelled arms are bare."

It was a piercing night in mid-winter, and along the rounded hills towards the Clifton meadows, below Aylesbury, the moonlight sparkled on the bright and thickly crusted snows with peculiar splendor. Far off, the faint but perpetual roar of the icy river was heard, and the dark forests beyond it were dimly seen in the distance, like a heavy cloud in the western horizon. The intermediate country presented only a few solitary trees, and, save that here and there a rugged group of overgrown shrubbery was seen above the snow, one wide and vast uncultivated waste appeared. It was a night in which the fancy of an honest German could not fail to conjure up a thousand phantoms; his shrieking ghosts cried from the crevices of every sapless tree; his witches rode on the pale moonlight moonbeams, in the distant and scarcely perceptible mist that spread a thin veil over the beautiful stars; and the wandering spirits of departed friends peeped like premature resurrectionists from behind every thicket.

The hour of eleven had drawn nigh and the watchful family that inhabited the crazy cabin on the borders of this barren country, had extinguished their blazing pine lights, buried up their fires, and sprinkled over the smoking ashes the spoonful of salt, the magic virtues of which dispersed the ghostly train, and ensured them a peaceful rest; when two travelers passed along the broken road that leads from the village towards the ford above the falls. One bore the appearance of an old man, infirm with age; his broad brimmed hat hid his face, but some thin grey locks waved around his shoulders, and he leaned forward on his jaded horse like one suffering with fatigue or decrepitude; behind him was the appendage of a stranger, a large, black portmanteau, which swelled with the treasure it contained. The other was an athletic young man, whom the good people distinguished to be a hardy woodman, who sometimes acted as a guide to travelers, and sometimes, for he had some science, run out patented lands, and was, withal, better acquainted with the country than any man in it. He led the old man's horse sometimes, and sometimes ran before to break the road.

The cottagers thought they discovered traits of mystery in this; and as every thing that partook of mystery boded mischief according to their conceptions, they followed the midnight travelers across the barrens with their eyes, until they disappeared, and then lay several anxious hours dreaming of murder and robbery, and blood. More than once they thought they heard the piercing cry of despair, mingled with the roar of the waterfall; and more than once discovered symptoms in the dusky room that spoke of death without.

But the woodman was in the village before sunrise; he reported that he had put the stranger safely across the ford, and left him to pursue his journey. Suspicion was hushed for the moment, for the character of the young man was good; the traveler was known to have possessed money, but he had been called down the river on business of such urgent importance, that it was necessary for him to reach the lower ford that night, and he had with difficulty prevailed on Hurlbut to accompany him to the western road. Who the stranger was, none knew, and thus far all was fair. But he never reached the ford, and no trace was heard of him from that night. Suspicion was once more awakened, and Hurlbut maintained, when questioned on the subject, a guarded and scornful silence. The for-

tune-tellers were consulted, and they anathematized the woodman. Signs were attended to with all the formality of judicial inquiry, and even these condemned the unfortunate young man.

When spring came, it was discovered that a large oak tree, celebrated for its age and majesty, did not put forth a leaf. It grew near a by-road, which led to the river below the fall; and as no other cause could be assigned for its blighted appearance, it was attributed to one which now met the popular suspicion among the Germans. They called it the blasted tree; and located the place where the stranger's blood was shed beneath its branches. Withered by the hot breath of murder, they declared it should bloom again whenever the murderer should be brought to justice, and his blood sprinkled on its dry roots.

Five years passed away, and old impressions and vague suspicions grew stronger as years departed. Hurlbut was surrounded by a young and dependent family; but superstition had fixed an indelible mark on his character, and he was followed by the eye of jealousy, which watched his actions, his countenance and his words, while it shunned his association. The man became restless and unhappy; he felt sensibly the weight of a sullied reputation, and though he had disregarded it for many years, he began to sink under its influence into moroseness and disquietude.

About this time, some huntsmen in the pursuit of game which had sheltered in the blasted tree, cut it down, and lo! from the old trunk fell the withered bones of a human being; they were examined by an anatomist, and declared to be the perfect parts of the skeleton of a man, whom they judged, might have been deposited there four or five years before. An opening in the trunk, some distance from the ground, confirmed the probability of the story. The Germans and their neighbors caught it up eagerly, and the fate of the unfortunate woodman seemed fixed. He fled the storm he saw gathering, but in a month returned and surrendered himself up for trial.

The excitement of the populace ran high, and as the day fixed for his trial drew near, the hopes of his acquittal vanished. The mass of the people were sure of his guilt, and they collected the evidence against him with an activity and zeal which savored rather of the spirit of bitter persecution, than of a love of justice. I leave the reader to imagine for himself the feelings of a tender wife, and six destitute little children, as they looked forward through the gathering cloud to the day that was to fix his destiny, while I hasten to the crowded court-room, and the solemn arraignment of the husband and father for the crime of murder.

The prisoner stood pale and dejected, but silent and resigned, at the bar, and answered with a calm and steady voice, "Not Guilty," to the charge. He was asked if he had counsel; he answered in the negative, and requested that assistance might be assigned him. The judge cast his eyes around the court, as if carelessly in search of some one, on whom to lay what, as his manner seemed to indicate, he thought a hopeless task, when an old gentleman, whose presence amid the throng had not been noticed, rose and introduced himself as Mr. —, an eminent lawyer of the city. The court bowed respectfully, and a look of astonishment was visible on every face when he asked the privilege of acting as the defendant's counsel.

It was granted, however, unhesitatingly, and he resumed his seat. When the witnesses had been heard on the side of the prosecution, he rose and addressed the court. He recollected the prisoner; he remembered, that on the night on which the evidence went to fix the murder, he had employed the prisoner in the capacity of a guide, and was conducted by him over the ford; that he missed his way, and did not reach the lower ford to which he had intended to go, but traveled by another direction to the city. In regard to the bones so mysteriously found, he had two evidences to prove, he said, that the very physician who pronounced them human and of five years' decay, and who was a bitter enemy of the defendant, had placed them there himself; that they had for many years before decked a corner of his study. The first was a boy who assisted in placing them there, and the second was the aperture in the trunk of the tree itself, which, at the entrance was not more than five inches in diameter, and, therefore, utterly incapable of admitting a human body. He sat down with exclamations of astonishment; the proof went on; the defendant was acquitted without an argument, and the corrupt and revengeful physician just escaped from the village time enough to save his neck.

This is the story of the blasted tree. It has a moral. How dangerous is superstition! How carefully should circumstantial evidence be examined, and how cautiously weighed! How deceptive the idea, that what was generally believed is infallibly the right!—From an old man's scrap book.

Subscribe for the News.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Virtue is not the less venerable for being out of fashion.

—The young lady whose sleep was broken has had it mended.

—I see through it now, as the servant said, when she knocked the bottom out of the pail.

—Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve.

—The height of impudence—Calling into an editor's sanctum, and asking him to change a dollar bill.

—To be able to bear provocation, is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

—Some one has defined love: "A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a deal of lying."

—"It is fast to-day, and I must not eat," said the cat, on seeing a piece of liver she could not reach.

—Hatred is so durable and so obstinate, that reconciliation on a sick bed is the sweetest sign of death.

—Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions which ruin us.

—The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse, in consequence of using them so much.

—"Gently the dew is o'er me stealing," as the man said, when he had five due bills presented to him at once.

—An Emerald, on admiring a beautiful cemetery, observed that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

—A debating society down East is discussing the question whether the last snow was a foot deep, or twelve inches high.

—It is said that "Time cuts down all, both great and small." House rents, however, are an exception, for they are always going up.

—"What," said a lady, "do you think of platonic love?" "Madam," said the gentleman, "it is like all other tonics—very exciting."

—"I see him on his winding way," observed Mrs. Smith, as she perceived the elder Smith corkscrewing his way home with a brick in his hat.

—Jeems says that he likes the lay of the last minstrel; but at this particular season he prefers the lays of the house-boiled, with pepper and salt on them.

—"Mother, did you hear sissey swear?" "No, my dear; what did she say?" "Why, she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church on Easter Sunday."

—"I say, mister, how come your eyes so all-fired crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "By sitting between two gals, and trying to look love to both at the same time."

—"Mr. Tim, how do you keep your account books?" "O, by double entry." "Double entry, how's that?" "O, easy enough, I make one entry and father makes another."

—An old lady, whose son was about to proceed to the black sea, among other parting admonitions, gave him strict injunction not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a nigger.

—Women are like horses—the gayer the harness they have on the better they feel. We got this from an old bachelor, who was early crossed in love, and afterwards went into the pawn-broking business.

—When a Kentucky judge, some years ago, was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honor?" he replied, "If the court understand herself—and she think she do—it are!"

—An inveterate bachelor being asked by a sentimental miss why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied: "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be Pacific."

—"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass." "Glass," reiterated the judge, "I should be often intoxicated could I place such a glass to my lips."

—A jailor had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged in consequence, to kick the other out of doors, to comply with the regulations.

—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a man to his friend, who had stumbled into a pit full of water, a few days since. "No matter, now; no matter, now," said the other, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth. "It will soon find me out!"

Army and Navy.

The late report of the Secretary of War, after stating the material of the army, recommends the term of enlistments in new regiments to be three years, and at the close of the terms, those honorably discharged receive a bounty of \$100. He speaks highly of the volunteer system, stating facts that now will prove it reliable and efficient in any emergency. The appropriation beside that already made for the year ending June 30th, for the force now in the field, is stated at \$185,296,398. The report recommends a reorganization of the militia and of the system of education at West Point. An Assistant Secretary of War is asked for. He recommends an appropriation for the re-construction and equipment of railroads, and for the expense of maintaining and operating them, and also for construction of additional telegraph lines. He recommends the organization of a military tribunal, to take cognizance of criminal offences in cases where the functions of the Federal courts are interrupted. In regard to the subsistence of the troops, he urges the importance of more fresh meats and vegetables, and recommends, for the better protection of men under him, water-proof caps and blankets. He notices the sanitary commission and organization of military hospitals. The arms made at our national manufactories compare, he says, most favorably with the best made for foreign governments, and he recommends the making of the arms we may require, by private manufacturers. As rifle cannon are so efficient, arrangements have been made for rifling a large portion of the guns now on hand.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy states that the force in commission is 82 vessels, carrying upwards of 1100 guns, besides several steamers and other small craft temporarily in the service. Twenty-three gunboats have been constructed since the 4th of March. Two hundred and fifty-nine officers have resigned or have been dismissed. The report recommends the appointment of a director of ordnance, to have supervision of all the details in that branch of the service; provision for frequent supplies of fresh provisions to ships; the appointment of a Board to inquire into the expediency of building iron clad steamers; also an increase of the clerical force of the department, and the appointment of an assistant Secretary. The estimates for the service are \$30,600,520 29.

A SEPARATE TABLE.—One hot Sunday, Duke Charles dined in the little town of Nagall. With the dinner came a great multitude of flies, all uninvited; but that mattered nothing. They buzzed about one over another, and alighted here and there, making quite as free as if they had been a portion of the princely train.

Duke Charles was angry at this, and, calling the hostess, said—

"Here, old beladame, let the flies have a separate table!"

The hostess, a very quiet woman, did as she was ordered; set out another table, and then, coming up to the Duke, said, with a courtesy—

"The table is served. Will your highness now order the flies to be seated?"

The rest need not be told.

There was an old Quaker, who had an unfortunate reputation of non-resistance. It was said that any one could jostle him, tread on his toes, or tweak his nose, with impunity; until one market day a blustering fellow, being told that yonder was a man who, if he was smitten on one cheek, would turn the other also, thought it would be sport to try him. Stepping up to the sturdy, good-natured Friend, he slapped his face. The old man looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, then slowly turned his other cheek and received another buffet. Upon that he coolly pulled off his coat. "I have cleared the law," said he, "and now thee must take it." And he gave the cowardly fellow a tremendous thrashing.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence; he who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter; good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a life time, may do a heroic action.—But the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

How to Know a Fool.—By six qualities may a fool be known—anger, without cause; speech, without profit; change, without motive; inquiry, without object; putting trust in a stranger; and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

Perseverance accomplishes great things.